

A decorative border in a dark blue color, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text.

# **Love**

*The Losers Club - I*

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## Love by [kathasaurus\\_rex](#)

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**Summary:**

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It was Fall Festival time in Derry, Maine, and the Losers were preparing in the only way they knew how...

The had congregated at Bill's house, in his basement. Georgie had joined them, needing help pulling on his new sweater (having only one arm) and then wanting to snuggle with his big brother's best friends for a little bit. He was currently sat on Stan's lap with his one arm tight around him. Stan was absentmindedly rubbing his hand up and down the boy's back while continuing his conversation with Mike.

"W-we should be g-g-going soon," Bill said, eyes on Stan and Georgie. "D-don't want them to ru-run out of caramel apples... like l-last year."

"I thought we agreed never to speak of that again," Eddie said grumpily, crossing his arms against his chest. "That was the worst day of my life, easily, and if it happens again this year -"

Richie snorted. "It won't happen again. Not if I have anything to say about it."

Georgie let out a whine and hugged Stan tighter for a moment before sliding off his lap. "It's dumb that I can't come with you guys," he said, pouting and tugging on the hem of his sweater. "I don't wanna go to the festival with mommy and daddy!"

"Georgie, we'll see you in a couple hours, I promise," Beverly said, moving to hug the boy and ruffle his hair. "And Ben and I will definitely go on the spinny cups with you."

"Okay." Georgie moved quickly to hug Bill before running up the stairs. "Bye friends!"

"Bye, Georgie!" the Losers called in reply.

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The entire town square was beautifully decorated, with pumpkins

and streamers and string upon string of fairy lights. The little businesses of the town had set up booths and games, and Bev had immediately tugged Ben towards the rubber duck fishing game, wanting the large stuffed unicorn prize.

“Hey Richie, are you gonna buy me a caramel apple?” Eddie said, batting his eyelashes at the taller boy.

Richie nodded quickly and took Eddie’s hand. “Mike you want one too?” he asked.

“For sure.” Mike began walking with them over towards the popular food stand, leaving Bill and Stan to stand together, looking around at all of the activities.

Bill cleared his throat and motioned towards the Ferris Wheel. “D-do you wanna g-go on the wh-wheel with me?”

Stan turned to face Bill quickly and nodded. “Yes, please.”

They walked over, slowly, to stand in line, hands brushing against each other every few steps. Eventually Stan took the initiative and locked their pinkies together, swinging their arms gently. Normally, Stan wouldn’t dare brave the Ferris Wheel: it was creaky and old and the height didn’t help matters. But with Bill? Bill made him feel brave.

The ride operator ushered them into a seat and put down the lap bar, locking it into place and smiling at them. “Enjoy the ride, kids.”

“Th-thanks,” Bill said.

Stan tried not to think about it, intertwining his fingers with Bill’s and wincing when the wheel began to move. Bill rubbed the pad of his thumb across the back of Stan’s hand, and began to talk.

“D-did you know my p-parents had their fi-first kiss on this ride?” he explained, smiling when Stan turned to look at him. “I kn-kn-know we already had ours, b-but it might be nice? T-to uphold tr-tradition.”

He thought of their first kiss, and leaned into Bill, kissing him again.

It was soft, and sweet, and with the chill in the air, he cuddled closer to Bill, and then Bill's hand was on his cheek and they were kissing again, sighing against each other. They kissed through the entire ride, and when they walked off, they were holding hands completely, unashamed.

Ben was holding a large, purple, sparkly stuffed unicorn, and a smaller stuffed jellyfish. "Hi guys," he said, "how was the ride?" "Terrifying," Stan replied. "I like your jellyfish."

"Me too. Bev won it for me. I was trying to win her something, but she's so much better at these games than I am." Ben shrugged. "I'm okay with it. My girlfriend is awesome."

Bev walked back, carrying two styrofoam cups and a large bag of galaxy cotton candy. "What about me?"

Bill laughed. "B-Ben was telling us how aw-awesome you are."

"Well, ain't that the truth," she grinned and leaned over to kiss Ben's cheek.

Mike ran up, holding half a caramel apple on a stick, looking scarred. "Guys... Eddie and Richie are so gross. I had to watch their tongues touching for five minutes. I decided to escape."

"At least he bought you a caramel apple?" Stan said.

"True."

There was a familiar squeal, and Stan turned just in time to catch Georgie as he flew into his arms. "Stan! I caught you!" he said sweetly, whining until Stan picked him up. "Billy! Mommy saw you and said I could come be with you while her and Daddy have coffee!"

Bill smiled at his brother. "Th-that's awesome, Georgie."

Georgie smiled up at Stan. "Are you going to buy me candy now?" he asked curiously.

"Juh-Georgie!" Bill scolded.

Stan laughed. "I am going to buy some cotton candy. You can pick

out the color.” He made sure Georgie wouldn’t fall before starting to walk over towards the food carts. Bill just watched them go, heart beating too fast, blushing flooding through his cheeks. He loved Stan. And everything felt perfect.